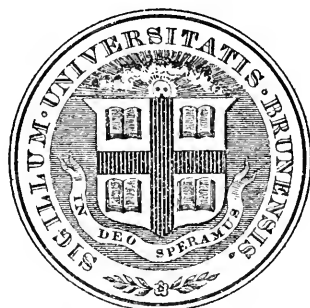


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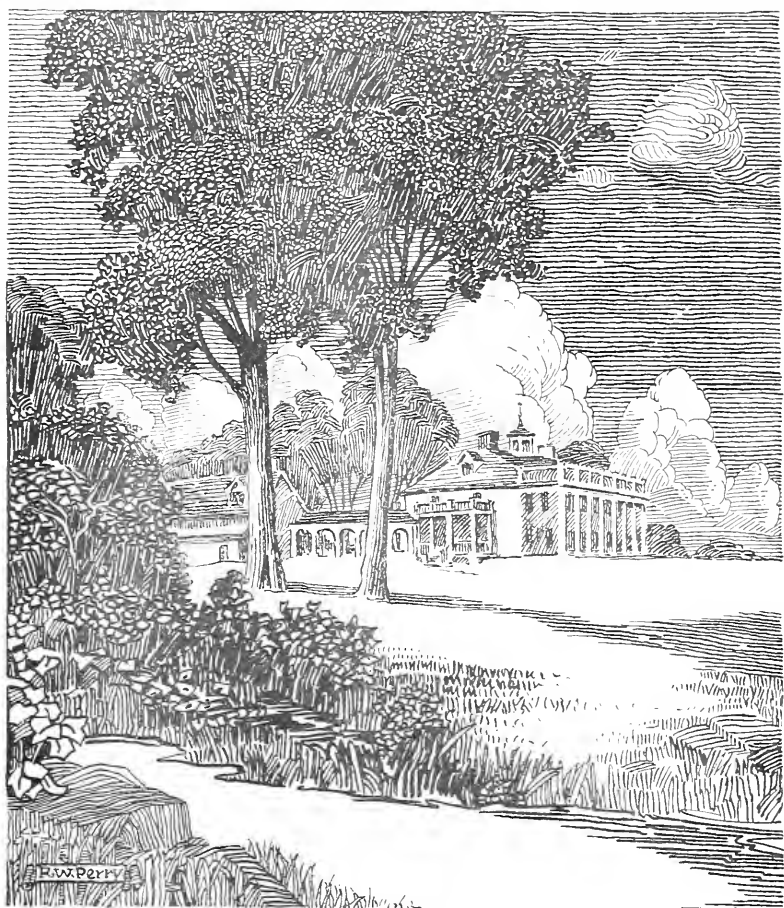
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RHODE ISLAND ARBOR DAY

MAY 13-1932



Trees of Mount Vernon

FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL PROGRAM

FOR THE

OBSERVANCE OF ARBOR DAY

IN THE

SCHOOLS OF RHODE ISLAND

May 13, 1932

(Edition of 100,000)



THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION
STATE EDUCATION SERVICE
RHODE ISLAND



A MAGNIFICENT HORSE-CHESTNUT TREE

On the Estate of Hon. Frederick S. Peck, Barrington
This is one of the Largest Horse-Chestnut Trees in Rhode Island,
Height over fifty feet, spread fifty-five feet, girth six feet, nine inches

State of Rhode Island

Public Education Service

COMMISSIONER'S ARBOR DAY MESSAGE

To Teachers and Pupils of Rhode Island Schools:

Your school Arbor Day this year only comes in the Bi-centennial Year of one who was preeminently a friend of trees and ardent lover of field, forest and garden. As your observance of May fourth revealed that the story of Rhode Island Independence is incomplete without thought of Washington, so Arbor Day may remind you of Nature's influence in shaping the nobility of his character. A poet has told us that he took from the wilderness its wisdom, from the mountains their strength, from the rocks their fortitude, from the stars their calm.

Foremost in war and statecraft, Washington was no less distinguished as Master of Mount Vernon. Here were the happiest moments of his life, when engaged in planting and tending trees, "essential to the fulness of life," in growing crops as a scientific farmer, in planning and improving gardens, in beautifying all in recognition of spiritual as well as material values. Known as first in war and first in peace, he has also been called first in agriculture. His intimacy with the forests of mountain and valley and the nurture of his Mount Vernon home prepared him for the service he rendered his country.

In your Arbor Day exercises, the thought of Washington, surveying the woodlands of Virginia or improving his Mount Vernon home by the Potomac, may remind you that in a fellowship with trees and growing things comes truth, beauty and refinement of the heart. To us as to him come the changing seasons, speaking their various language. The gentle ministrations of Nature are free to all who listen to her teachings.

Springtime has come again, displaying earth's awaking in field and forest and bringing, too, a message of new hope and trust for a spiritual awakening within ourselves. Springtime in the hearts of children and youth is a legacy of Nature.



Commissioner of Education.

So, as we give ourselves up to the enjoyment of earth's annual dawn, we may experience a true renewal of the spirit. That is a part of our privilege as dwellers in a land of four seasons, each having its own rich symbolism. Indeed, unless we resist her, Spring will compel us to enter with her into her new mansion of light and life and gladness. For we are her children, as truly as are the the flying clouds and the swelling buds. She is a Divine messenger to touch our hearts and open them with the flowers.—*Providence Sunday Journal*.

Appreciative recognition of services in the making of this program is gratefully extended to Mrs. Alice Hall Walter, Mr. Raymond W. Perry, Mrs. Alice Collins Gleeson, Mrs. Mary C. Clarke, Mrs. Everett F. Southwick, Mr. William L. Bryant, Professor A. Edward Stene, Miss T. R. McKenna, Seth G. Jameson, Robert F. Day, the Providence Journal, and others who have contributed to it.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM FOR ARBOR DAY, 1932

SPECIAL THEME: TREES OF MOUNT VERNON

CHORUS	SCRIPTURES	ARBOR DAY MESSAGE
SONG	RECITATION	ARBOR DAY REPORTS: GARDEN SANCTUARIES
RECITATIONS	SONG	GROUP EXERCISES
ADDRESS OR ESSAYS; TREES OF MOUNT VERNON		
CHORUS	PLANTING OR DEDICATION OF A WASHINGTON TREE	

GET OUT OF DOORS

Get out of door—"Tis there you'll find
The better things of heart and mind.
Get out beneath some stretch of sky
And watch the white clouds drifting by,
And all the petty thoughts will fade
Before the wonders God has made.

Go wade a trout stream in the spring,
And brother with the birds a-wing;
Know what it means to wander far,
Your guide the sun or evening star.
Who sleeps beneath the open sky
Soon grows too tall to tell a lie.

Get out of doors. The fields are clean,
The woods will teach you nothing mean.
Who toils beneath the summer sun
Sleeps soundest when his work is done.
If splendid manhood you would know,
Get out where you've a chance to grow.

Read deeply kindly Nature's books,
Familiarize yourself with brooks,
And with the majesty of trees,
The constant industry of bees,
And all that shape the Master's plan—
They'll teach you how to be a man.

—Edgar A. Guest.

FROM THE SCRIPTURES

Fear not, O Land; be glad and rejoice; for the Lord will do great things.
Be not afraid, ye beasts of the field; for the pastures of the wilderness do spring; for the tree beareth her fruit, the fig tree and the vine do yield their strength. Joel II:21-22.

And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them.

They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat; for as the days of a tree are my people. Isa. LXV:21-22.

And I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field. Ezek. XXXVI:30.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates of the city. Rev. XXII:14.

Out of weeds and leaves and grasses,
That are crumbling into mold,
Lifts the beauty of arbutus,
Roses, phlox and marigold.

—Kramer.

WHAT THE TREES GIVE

School—

Trees of the fragrant forest,
With leaves of green unfurled,
Through summer's heat, through winter's cold,
What do you do for our world?

First Pupil—

Our green leaves catch the raindrops
That fall with soothing sound,
Then drop them slowly, slowly down,
'Tis better for the ground.

Second Pupil—

When rushing down the hillside,
A mighty freshet forms,
Our giant trunks and spreading roots
Defend our happy homes.

Third Pupil—

From burning heat in summer,
We offer cool retreat,
Protect the land in winter's storm
From cold, and wind, and sleet.

Fourth Pupil—

Our falling leaves in autumn,
By breezes turned and tossed,
Will make a deep sponge carpet warm
Which saves the ground from frost.

Fifth Pupil—

We give you pulp for paper,
Our fuel gives you heat,
We furnish lumber for your homes,
And nuts and fruit to eat.

Sixth Pupil—

With strong and graceful outline,
With branches green and bare,
We fill the land through all the year
With beauty everywhere.

All—

So listen from the forest,
Each one a message sends
To children on this Arbor Day,
"We trees are your best friends."

The Merry Month of May

DAISY M. MOORE

F. W. WESTHOFF

Allegretto

mf

1. Spring has come and May is here— Glad - dest time of
2. Ho, we love to dance and skip, Wind - ing, each, a

all the year! Bos - soms bright their sweet - ness brings,
gay - hued strip 'Round the May - pole, two by two,—

CHORUS

Birds their cheer - y car - ols sing! 'Round the May - pole
Gold and white and pink and blue!

gai - ly wind, Keep in step, don't get be-hind! Join our

mer - ry roun-de-lay In the mer - ry month of May!

PINE TREE SHADE

No shade like pine tree shade, cool, rich and deep.
This is not darkness but withholding light,
Pure silence, restful calm, untouched delight,
Dawn quiet and the ease of long earned sleep.
Here we will stop awhile. The world will keep.
No stir, no hurry here. The far off flight
Of one lone bird above the airy height
Of the topmost pine is soundless in its sweep.

No shade like pine tree shade. The lacy willow
Traces a weaving pattern on the grass,
The trembling maples flood the leafy glade
With tides of light. But here is a green pillow
Under the pines in this cool canyon pass.
Here we can rest. No shade like pine tree shade.

—Charles Phillips.

MUSIC

Bird-throats and violins,
And a tin roof for the rain.
Heart-songs and silver bells
And sleet on the window-pane.

Wild wind in the wild trees,
And an organ's pealing chime.
Wild waves on the gray rocks
And the fog-horn's muffled rhyme.

Plush hum of the June bees
And the cricket's dusty note,
Chop of waves in the summer night
In the scud of a sailing boat.

Heart-songs and silver bells
And sleet on the window pane.
Bird-throats and violins
And a tin roof for the rain.

—Bertha Williams.

APRIL RAIN

It is not raining rain for me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain for me
It's raining roses down.

It is not raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
Can find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets!
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

—Robert Loveman

I SHALL WALK TODAY

I shall walk today upon a high green hill,
I shall forget the walls and the roofs of the town;
This burden, strapped to my back, shall be unloosed,
And I shall leave it there when I come down.

Warm is the hill upon which I shall walk today;
Gold is the sun upon the close-cropped grass,
And something of the peace of grazing sheep
Shall permeate my being as I pass:

Something of the look within their eyes
Of upland pastures, and of clean wind blown—
The tranquil, trusting look of those who know
A shepherd watches, I shall make my own.

And I shall gather the little wind flowers there,
And press their sweetness upon my heart to stay,
Then I shall go back to the walls and the roofs of the town,
Stronger than I have been for many a day.—Grace Noll Crowell.

BY THEIR FRUITS

A queer old man was Christopher Jones—
Minded his business, never threw stones;
Quoted Euripides; lived in a shack;
Planted petunias in crevice and crack;
Joked with the children; bragged of our street;
Wore a felt hat in sunshine or sleet;
Whistled and sang; worked when he would;
"Wouldn't be rich," said he, "if I could."
Knew the book name of all his bones—
A queer old man was Christopher Jones.

When the street got flu, "I'll nuss 'em," said he:
"A right good task for a man like me,
Kinless and homeless." So up and down
The burdened street of our little town
Went Christopher Jones—nor man nor child
But raised his head when the old man smiled.

Christopher Jones is laid on his bier,
And the whole neighborhood's acting queer.

—Sadie Seagrave.

TREES OF MOUNT VERNON

(Compiled for the Arbor Day Program)

On the Potomac, a few miles below the city of Washington, has been standing for nearly two centuries a mansion which is a shrine of humanity, for Mount Vernon is more than a national memorial. Distinguished pilgrims of many races lay wreaths at the tomb of him who devoted all he was and all he had to making freedom secure for mankind.

Mount Vernon is the most famous home in the world. Nowhere else do we get so close to such an illustrious man. It is at Mount Vernon alone that Washington comes down from his heroic pedestal and reveals himself to us in the majestic simplicity of the Virginia farmer, the Cincinnatus of the West. Washington was not common clay, nor is Mount Vernon common earth. He could not have been such a patriot if he had not loved the place so much, because affection for the actual ground and wood and stone of the home is the most natural foundation of love of country.

On each side of the east lawn a grove of locusts extended to the river. Trees and shrubs were carefully trimmed to make a frame to the view of the Potomac, and care was taken to keep vistas open in every direction. The level lawn on the west front, with the wide serpentine walk shaded by weeping willows, the oval grass plot, the flower garden on one side and the kitchen garden on the other, were all laid out according to a plan drawn by Washington himself and still unchanged. He paid great attention to his lawns, and the first order sent to England after his marriage includes "a large assortment of grass seed." Carefully trimmed box borders outline the paths today exactly as in Washington's time, their dark green making the flower beds flame like stained-glass windows. Roses named by Washington for his mother and for Nelly Custis still bloom, together with yellow, damask, tea, and guilder roses.

No other living things bring us so close to Washington as some of the trees of Mount Vernon, for they were planted by him, and on them his eyes have rested with long and loving gaze. Washington studied as well as he could the economic value of forests and the ornamental properties of trees, but the technical aspects of forestry, such as reforestation, the relation of forests to moisture and rain fall, water supply, climate, and public health were not so well understood in his time as they are now. The magnolia planted by Washington is the most famous tree at Mount Vernon. Three hemlocks planted by him still remain. Three box trees probably planted by him are among the handsomest and most interesting trees. Washington wished to have perfect specimens of every tree that would grow at Mount Vernon. He personally superintended the selection of the most beautiful from the neighboring woods, and watched them with care until it was clear that the transplanting was successful. He arranged them symmetrically, and mingled forest trees, flowering shrubs, and evergreens so as to produce the most agreeable effect.

He was constantly on the alert for trees or shrubs that could be utilized in beautifying the grounds, and was also in receipt of an endless line of gifts of that kind. The Diaries, especially those between the Revolution and the presidency, contain many remarks on this topic, some of which are quoted in the article in this pamphlet entitled "George Washington Plants a Tree." By degrees Washington enlarged his estate until eventually Mount Vernon comprised more than 8,000 acres. He divided it into five farms, each of which was a separate establishment with its own overseer, workers, farm buildings, and stock.

The grounds at Mount Vernon testify to Washington's great love of trees and shrubs and flowers. From his own forests he frequently brought rare and perfect specimens to be planted in a chosen spot; some trees at Mount Vernon were grown from seeds brought back by the General from battlefields or from places to which he traveled; often his friends planted or sent trees as souvenirs. There is a story that once Lafayette brought him a Kentucky coffee tree from the garden of Thomas Jefferson, and together the two set it out in a sunny spot in the garden.

The flower garden north of the house, laid out by General Washington, with its prim box hedges and uniformly balanced beds, blooms each year with the same charm that delighted Washington's guests. The pink rose named by the General for his mother, Mary Washington, and the white rose named for Nellie Custis still blossom. The purple Chinese magnolia planted by Lafayette flowers each spring. The intricate beds of boxwood form the same maze which the General planned. So also in the kitchen garden south of the house the box hedge he planted has developed to unusual proportions, and growing there too are scions of the original fig trees which were Washington's special pride.

A few of the trees planted by Washington, in spite of the poor soil at Mount Vernon, have grown to a large size. Among the Live Oaks and Pecans planted in Louisiana after Washington's time there are larger trees than any now at Mount Vernon, and some of the Elm-trees planted in front of New England farmhouses after the middle of the eighteenth century have thicker trunks and broader heads of foliage, but no trees planted by man have the human interest of the Mount Vernon trees. They belong to the nation and are one of its precious possessions.

Of the trees planted by Washington or in his time, seven were destroyed by a storm in 1924, and five others have died in recent years, so that there are now left only forty-five trees planted by him. These are: 2 Tulip trees; 3 Coffee Beans; 7 Ashes; 2 Lindens; 4 Buckeyes; 4 Elms; 2 Beeches; 3 Pecans; 1 Mulberry; 13 Hollies; 1 Hemlock and 3 Box trees.

Other trees probably planted during Washington's lifetime are: Apple, Black Walnut, Butternut, Cedar of Lebanon, Cherry, Dogwood, European Elm, English Walnut, Honey Locust, Horse-Chestnut, Locusts, Magnolia, Narrow-leaved Chestnut Oak, Nettle-tree, Pear, Redbud, Red Cedar, Red Maple, Red Oak, Sassafras, Shellbark Hickory, Sugar Maple, White Oak, White Pine, Yellow Popular or Tulip Tree, and ten Plane trees.

The following trees have been planted since 1914: 1,700 Dogwoods; 117 Redbuds; 36 Yews; 78 Hollies; 18 Fringe-trees; 12 Live Oaks; 12 Laurel Oakes; 9 Hemlocks; 6 Magnolias; 2 Swamp Magnolias; 3 White Pines; 1 Linden; 10 Tupelos; 255 Red Cedars; 101 Native Pines; and 250 English Hawthorns.

A GEORGE WASHINGTON TREE IN RHODE ISLAND

As part of the school celebration of Arbor Day a George Washington Tree will be planted on the State House grounds on Arbor Day, 1932. There it will take its place with other memorial trees. It will stand for years to come as a significant reminder of the observance of the Bi-centenary, a heritage of succeeding generations of boys and girls.

Will your school plant a George Washington Tree this bi-centennial year?

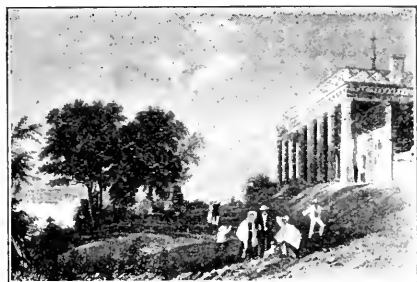
GEORGE WASHINGTON PLANTS A TREE

(By Mrs. Alice Collins Gleeson)

The beauties of the famous gardens at Mount Vernon, kept as nearly as possible as they were in Washington's time, are known to us all, either by actual vision or by photographs, but few of us link up the head gardener and tree-planter with the dignified First President of the United States. Throughout the various diaries and letters written by Washington, particularly those written in the interval between the end of the War and the beginning of his presidency, and those written after his return to Mount Vernon as a private citizen, we find many references to his active participation in gardening.

Some of the items are rather disjointed such as "Six buck eye nuts brought with me from the Mouth of Cheat River, . . . Six acorns which I brought with me from the South Branch, . . . eight nuts from a tree called the Kentucke Coffetree; ten acorns sent me by Col. Josiah Parker. . . ." These items were written in April, 1785, while in May of the same year he notes:

"The blossom of the crabtree is unfolding and shedding its fragrant perfume. That of the black haw has been out some days. . . . The flower of the small berry thorn is also good looking, the tree being full of blossom, which is not much unlike the blossom of the apple tree but quite white." Later in the same month, he tells of the "guilder rose" being in bloom and considers that the wood honeysuckle, being "an agreeable looking flower" deserves a place among his other shrubs. Under date of March 18, 1786, he writes, "Got the mound on the left so far completed as to plant the



MOUNT VERNON ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

next largest of my weeping willows thereon, . . ." While the week previous, he has referred to this same planting with, "Finished the mound on the right and planted the largest weeping willow in my nursery in the center of it. . . . ground too wet to do anything to the other mound on the left."

Col. Washington of South Carolina had sent him a number of "Sweet scented or aromatic shrubs" and these were planted by him on May Day. In June of that year, he leaves record of the planting of "Paliurus" to make hedges to inclose his fields, and "adjoining the Pride of China plants" 46 of the Pistatia nuts in three rows. His Hemlock trees had died, and in their place he planted the seeds of the Piramidical Cyprus, given him by the botanist of the French King. To Clement Biddle of Philadelphia, he writes asking for enough "Jerusalem Artichoke to stock an acre," adding that he needs it for experimental purposes. About this time we find an interesting item:—"Making up the banks round ye Serpentine walks to the front gate. . . . Planting pines in the wilderness on the left of the lawn and spading the ground there." He has planted a shrub there that has bloomed and he writes,— "Its light and airy foliage, crimson and variegated flowers present a gay and mirthful appearance: continually whilst in bloom visited by the brilliant, thundering Humming bird."

During his stay in New York, 1789, under date of October 9, is found the following:—"Exercised on horseback between the hours of nine and eleven.

Visited in my route the gardens of Mr. Perry and Mr. Williamson." The former garden was on the Bloomingdale road west of Union Square, and the latter was a place of "public resort," a flower and nursery garden on the east side of Greenwich Street. He, throughout his trip to the Southern Colonies, is heedful of the manner by which Southern farmers keep their animals from ruining either fields or gardens, and in April, 1790, he writes: "Their fences, where there is no stone, are very indifferent: frequently of plashed tree of any and every kind which have grown by chance: but it exhibits an evidence that very good fences may be made in this manner either of white Oak or Dogwood, which from this mode of treatment grows thickest and most stubborn. . . . This, however, would be no defense against hogs." It must be remembered that he had built the English



WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON

"Ha-Ha" terraces at Mount Vernon to keep his farm animals from his treasured shrubs and flowers. From Wilmington, he records the appearance of the ground as he travels along "as agreeable resembling a lawn well covered with evergreens and a good verdure below from a broom or coarse grass, which having sprung since the burning of the Woods, had a neat and handsome look especially as there were parts entirely open."

As late as 1796, there is a record of garden and farm seeds sent him from England to be planted at Mount Vernon and under the date "April 29," he begs that Mr. Lear, who has been his secretary and close friend, accept a share of them. In 1798, April 17, he records: "Wind at No Wt and disagreeably cold. Mer. at 28. Clear and cold all day. . . . Fruit supposed to be all killed, leaves of trees bit. . . ." The following day, "Peaches not killed and hoped other fruit not hurt. . . . Points of new moon upward. . . . Began to plant corn at Union Farm."

These are only a few of the many entries showing not only Washington's interest, but active participation in the work at Mount Vernon, and they seem to bring him much nearer to us in our everyday life. We may visit the well-kept gardens at Mount Vernon today, and look at them with eyes sharpened with a new interest and understanding of the First American who worked over them with such loving care.

FATHER OF THE LAND WE LOVE

(Written for the Bi-centenary by George M. Cohan of Rhode Island)

First in War, First in Peace, First in the hearts of his

coun - try - men That is the sto - ry of Wash - ing - ton.

That is the glo - ry of Wash - ing - ton, His spir - it is here.

His spir - it is here He's stand - ing, com - mand - ing a -

bove In word and deed we fol - low the lead -

of the Father Of the land we love. love.

MY TREE

This tree of trees is slender, tall and straight,
A roadside friend; I pass it early and late.
The morning sun its branches flecks with light,
The moon's soft glow illumines it at night.
It bends in stress, at times, or lightly sways,
As breeze disports, or wind its strength essays.
The winter snow its graceful contours limns;
In spring, with buds and tender leaves it trims.
A lovely thing, with power to delight
The eye, as glance becomes a gaze; and right
Among its topmost twigs, there lives a bird
That trills soft flutelike notes which when

I've heard

I've thought, "He's brave, or glad today." O Tree,
I thus respond to thy appeal to me!—*Miss T. R. McKenna.*

ORCHARDS ON FIRE

I saw young orchards running in bodies thin
as flame.
Down a pale slope of springtime, all in a rush
they came,
I heard their hundreds breathing, a soft and
threatening sound;
I thought they sprang together, they seemed
to clear the ground,
With elbows wild and crooked, with dark and
awkward knees,
But richly fleshed and furious, a host of head-
strong trees.—*Winifred Welles.*

STRENGTH OF THE HILLS

Where one high hill stands sentinel
Guarding a stretch of sea,
My harassed soul found peace which none
Can take away from me.
The tall trees wrapped me 'round about
Like fingers of a hand.
"Be still!" crooned Ocean, as it washed
Long leagues of yellow sand.
Nothing will ever more disturb
This quiet which is mine—
The sea brought comfort, and my tears
Are locked up in a pine!

—*Mazie V. Caruthers.*

TREE CARE

Rhode Island towns and cities will do well to heed the appeal in the bulletin of the State Department of Agriculture, and the editorial in the *Journal* today, urging the preservation of shade trees.

The beauty and economic value of shade trees are something that everybody knows, but few seem to sense sufficiently. We all love trees, but are altogether too prone to believe they will take care of themselves, and will always remain with us, without special care.

Quite on the contrary, a tree is continually growing and changing. It is never the same, from one season to another. Usually, of course, it grows on anon. This is true in the woodlands and in the country, where nature is left unspoiled, and the hand of civilization is not levelled against the welfare of the tree.

But all too often, in the city, the shade tree is injured by too close proximity to the sidewalk, the pavement or other hundred and one appurtenances of modern life that are inimical to its welfare. There are also insect pests, from all of which the tree must be protected if it is to continue to flourish.

All this takes money, of course, for workmen cannot be employed without compensation, nor can the task of planning and safeguarding be financed without municipal appropriations.

The sums which the towns and cities of the State may reasonably be expected to set aside for trees need not be large, but if all would appropriate moderate sums, much could be accomplished which would be of lasting benefit.—*T. L. P. in Sunday Journal.*

A HOME-GARDEN SANCTUARY

(By Mrs. Alice Hall Walter)

The Audubon Society of Rhode Island hopes that every boy and girl of school age in the State will help to make a home-garden sanctuary this spring. Nearly everyone has a home, and many have homes with gardens, but few as yet know what a home-garden sanctuary is, or just how to make one.

To begin with, a home is a friendly place, or should be, where one or several people sleep, eat, work and play. A garden, even one that is small, or only a window-box of plants and vines, helps to make a home friendlier and more attractive, not alone to any who come to visit the family, but to wild creatures as well.

A sanctuary is a place that is safe from harm, protected, sheltered, so that all who come within its borders are safe. They not only *are* so, but they soon learn to *feel* so. It is easy to see, therefore, that a home-garden sanctuary should be an attractive, safe and friendly place where all who visit it are protected from harm.

This blue jay, which is looking for a peanut on a food-tray fastened against a second-story window of a house in a city, has learned that the people in the



BLUE JAY AT WINDOW

Photo Taken by William L. Bryant, Providence

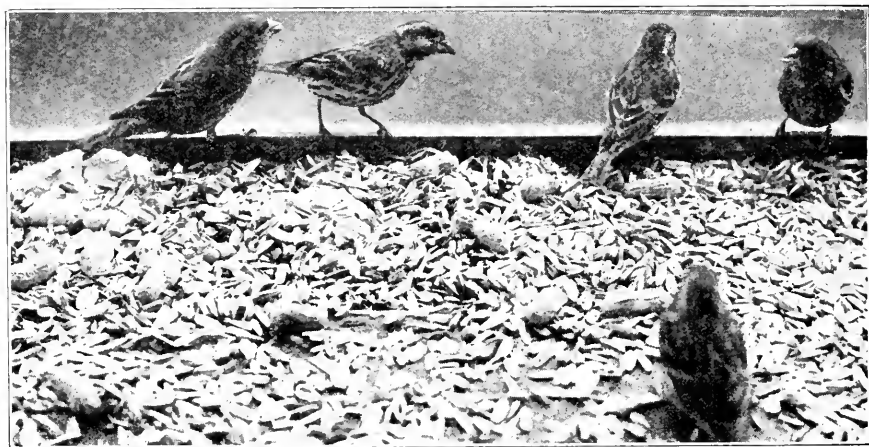
house are friendly, and that nothing will be found on the tray except things good to eat, like peanuts, and suet, and sunflower seeds. The jay has learned, too, that cats will not climb up to this tray any more than dogs will jump to it, but it takes longer to "tame" a jay, which is rather suspicious and exceedingly cautious by nature, though a bold bird and a strong one, than a chickadee, which soon gains confidence to come to the finger of the person feeding it. Patience and tact in the end usually win the friendship of any bird, however shy or frightened.

Although there was not much garden space about the home in the city where the jay became a regular visitor, the window-tray was in reality a miniature sanctuary.

In another city home, where a tree spreads branches over one end of the roof of the sunparlor, jays and gray squirrels come constantly for nuts, becoming quite good friends with each other, as well as with the two who live in the house, a mother and son. The mother enjoys her dashing, frisking outdoor wild neighbors very much, and her son has made moving pictures of them chasing each other about the roof. One day the window was left open and all being quiet inside, the jay, who like Cousin Crow is of a curious, investigating turn, hopped inside, only to become unduly alarmed upon discovering that the four walls were not like air through which it is easy to fly. The jay discovered, too, that it is not as easy to fly out of as to hop into a room. Added to fright, bewilderment made even the friendliest efforts of its human friends to help of little avail. For nearly an hour the jay plunged and dashed around the room, until they were nearly as distracted as it was. Finally it flew around on a lower level, after striking the ceiling several times, and—presto! the window, which was open at the top, gave it an unexpected exit.

It seemed doubtful, after so bad a fright, whether this sociable jay would ever return, but it did soon, coming day after day as far as the roof for nuts. One morning the mother decided to test the jay's confidence, so she laid nuts on the window-ledge. The next day she opened the window and put the regular allowance of food just inside on the sill. Becoming used to these advances, the jay seemed its fearless self again, hunting for the much-relished tidbits wherever they were to be found.

Then its hosts decided to do something they had never known anyone interested in jays to do. The mother sat by the open window in a rocking-chair with nuts spread on a cushion that she held in her lap, while her son fixed the motion-picture camera in the back of the room. It was a breathless occasion when the feathered visitor flew to the window, alighted, searched the sill, looked about, and with some hesitation hopped inside to the cushion, snatched a nut, and hastily retreated. Meantime the camera did its work and gave an exact record of the bird's movements to the slightest detail.



FINCHES AT PARK MUSEUM WINDOW-FEEDING TRAY

Photo Taken by William L. Bryant, Providence

Another visitor that comes to food-trays about homes is the purple finch, which spends much of the late fall and winter with us, and occasionally nests in the highest parts of the State. The finch arrives frequently in small companies instead of singly. Since its plumage is so varied, many people are deceived at times into thinking it a sparrow, but although related to the sparrow-kind, the finch is quite different in form and flight and habit.

Young finches in their first-year plumage look like their mother. It must be confessed that they are not nearly as fine-looking as the father bird, for they lack his lovely color, a brilliant, rosy tint not at all like purple. All the finch family resemble each other in having notched tails and large bills, and all fly in the same manner. The father bird sings a rich, warbling song. Even in winter both he and the mother bird may exchange sweet call-notes and tiny ripples of song.

Looking sharply at the picture, you can see the large bill, notched tail, streaked breast, broad light line over the eye, and narrow white wing bars of the

mother finch and young finches. The father bird does not seem to have been feeding with the others, or did not come within range of the camera.

Sometimes only young birds appear at the food tray, after their more richly colored fathers have arrived in the vicinity and possibly flown on further south. Tree sparrows, snow buntings and goldfinches seem to keep more closely together during their feeding excursions in winter than do the finches.

When people who enjoy having wild birds visit their gardens see starlings or English sparrows getting the food put out for our native birds, they often become discouraged and inquire what to do.

Here is one way to get the better of these introduced birds who seem so greedy and unmannerly among the friendly nuthatches, juncos and chickadees that visit the home-garden sanctuary.



CHICKADEE VISITING A WINTER
SUET HOLDER

Photo by Seth G. Jameson, East Providence

A glass fruit-jar, tied securely under a thin, flat board to the limb of a tree, makes an ideal winter suet-holder which no starling or house sparrow will ever molest. Snow may fall to some depth, as shown in the picture, without covering the jar or making the suet moist. After a careful inspection and several advances and retreats, the chickadee finds there is nothing to

harm it, so trips boldly to and even into the jar for a bite of one of its favorite winter foods. The chickadee nests in a hole, as nuthatches, woodpeckers and starlings do. Of these four kinds of birds, only the starling is unable to keep its balance on the under side of a bough. You may like to try the glass-can suet-holder, either at home or on your school grounds.

A cocoanut split in half furnishes a well-stocked food tray for some birds, purple finches, for example. Suspend each half by a stout cord at either side, from the limb of a tree or a high post with a cross-bar at the top. Be sure that the cocoanut hangs in a horizontal position, and that a small cover is fastened some inches above it to keep out rain and snow.



WINTER AT KIMBALL BIRD SANCTUARY
Shelter for bob-white in center of picture

Photo Taken by Mrs. Everett F. Southwick

At the Kimball Bird Sanctuary, which you all should visit, wild birds are made welcome at every season of the year. A food-tray fastened on the top of a piece of gas-pipe instead of a wooden post, keeps chipmunks from stealing the birds' food as fast as it is put out. Under the dining room window juncos and tree sparrows and other ground-feeding birds come in flocks of one to two hundred through the winter, a pleasant sight indeed on a cold or stormy day. Near by a large covered food-house, set up from the ground on stout legs, invites the birds to come in at its open sides to get seeds scattered on the gravelled floor. The bird baths are used in winter by the birds as well as in summer. Hollowed rock-boulder baths are especially liked. Cement baths and little pools made shallow enough for all sizes of birds to enjoy become most attractive in some gardens. Build several broad steps with narrow risers all the way around the pool from the pebble-covered bottom, and plant about the edges grasses, lilies, irises and pond-weed.

In the Kimball Sanctuary, too, are food-trays that turn with the wind, set up on a swivel on a post. Weather-vane food-trays, they are usually called. These are covered and are open only on one side, thus protecting both food and birds at all times and in all kinds of weather.

There is also a more elaborate food-house with glass sides down part way from the roof, cleverly enclosing a food-shelf running around the four sides of the house.



A HOME GARDEN SANCTUARY

Photo Taken by Mrs. Daniel A. Clarke, Fiskeville

At the Sanctuary, too, are shelters for feeding bob-white, and a birds' Christmas tree over which is poured boiling hot melted suet into which are scattered seeds, nuts and bits of stale bread, doughnuts, or dried meat scraps cut fine. A meat-bone hung in a tree is liked by certain birds, while the chickadee feels as sure of finding sunflower seeds in a small tray made of roofing-paper and tacked up at the outside kitchen door, as you do of your breakfast or dinner at home. Still other birds like to visit the front porch where the flower-boxes along the ledge always offer good picking.

A home-garden sanctuary, however well fitted with food trays and bird baths, would not be complete without nesting-boxes or safe nesting sites where parent birds can lay their eggs and hatch and bring up the baby birds in safety.

A neat pile of brush or tangle in the corner of the yard or garden is what wrens and song sparrows like for shelter and hunting insects. Sometimes they find a cosy place for a nest handy by. Evergreen trees, like spruces, cedar, the larch and juniper, offer shelter, food and nesting sites to several kinds of birds, among the number the black-throated green warbler. Tall pines may attract crows, jays, or hawks, and the pine warbler. Young pines sometimes harbor a robin's nest.



ROBIN ON NEST



ROBIN'S NEST WITH EGGS

At the Country Day School in East Providence, a robin selected an old and heavily knotted wistaria just outside a first-floor window of the living room as a good place to build its nest. Here the eggs were laid and hatched and the three baby birds fed yards and yards of earthworms and insects by the busy parents, while just inside the window the camera reported all that went on. You might think a busy school ground with any number of boys rushing around would not be a suitable place for baby birds and their parents to live, but whenever birds are left alone and feel safe, they will stay by their nests.

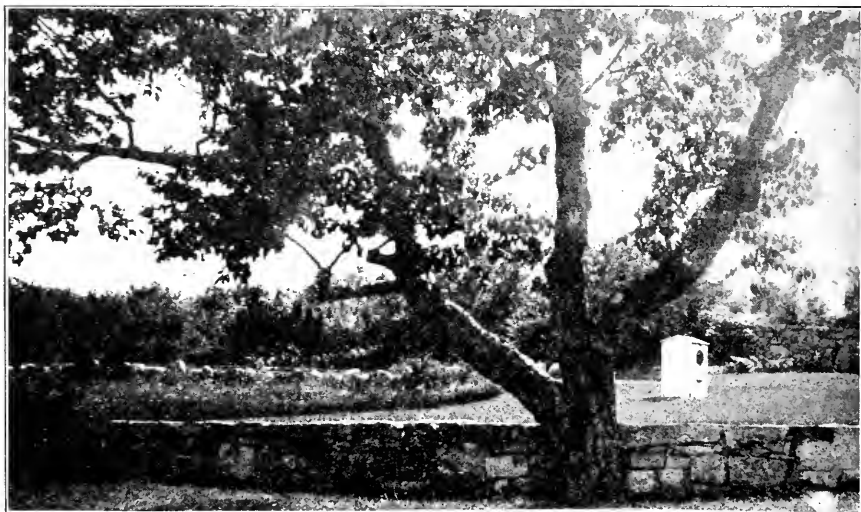


ROBIN FEEDING NESTLINGS

Photos Taken by Robert F. Day, Country Day School, East Providence

Last year a killdeer's nest was found with eggs in it only a few feet down the side of a narrow-gauge railway. It does not take long for the killdeer to make its nest by scooping a little hollow in rather sandy ground and adding a few bits of lining on which to lay its eggs. Once the nest-site is selected and the nest made and eggs laid, the parents seldom abandon their home unless actually driven away by thoughtless, cruel or curious people. The mother killdeer by the railway at first flew off the nest whenever a train passed, but finding no harm done and no one coming to frighten her, she soon felt confidence to sit bravely on her eggs, letting the big noise and commotion roll by.

Birds are friendly creatures and seldom fear man unless hunted, shot at, chased or otherwise molested. If more people realized how much happiness birds can bring to their homes and gardens, there would soon be home-garden sanctuaries all over the country. There are more and more every year, as it is, because a great many persons are becoming bird lovers.



OLD TREE WHERE MANY BIRDS FEED

Photo Taken by Mrs. Daniel A. Clarke, Fiskeville

In the Old World, back to the beginning of the Christian era and long before, there have been gardens about homes which were sanctuaries for singing birds.

These lines taken at random from a translation of ancient Ottoman poems, may bring to you a new thought of springtime, and the joys of birds and gardens about your homes.

"Hark the bulbul's lay so joyous. Now have come the days of spring!
Merry shows and crowds on every mead they spread, a maze of spring;
There the almond tree its silver blossoms scatters, sprays of spring."

* * *

"Though every leaf of every tree is verily a book
For those who understanding lack, doth earth no leaf contain."

* * *

The poet addresses the nightingale in his garden thus:
"Up and sing! O bird most holy! Up and sing!
Unto us a story fair and beauteous bring."

Another poet describing the coming of spring pens this lovely picture of "the pleasure, joy and rapture of this hour."

"Dance the juniper and cypress like the sphere;
Filled with melody through joy all lands appear.
Gently sing the running brooks in murmurs soft,
While the birds with tuneful voices soar aloft.
Play the green and tender branches with delight,
And they shed with one accord gold, silver bright.
Like to a curious fleet, the zephyrs speed away,
Resting ne'er a moment either night or day.
In that raid the rosebud filled with gold its hoard,
And the tulip with fresh musk its casket stored;
There the moon a purse of silver coin did seize;
Filled with ambergris its skirt the morning breeze.
Won the sun a golden disc of ruby dye;
And with glistening pearls its pockets filled the sky.
Those who poor were, fruit and foliage attained,
All the people of the land some trophy gained."

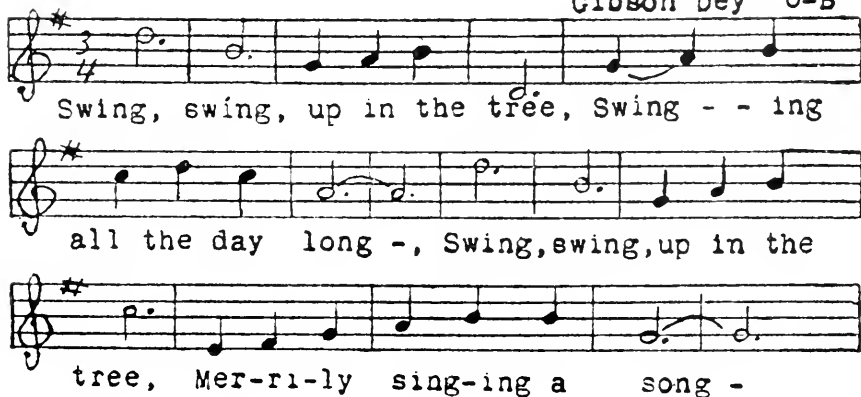


"COME TO OUR HOME GARDEN SANCTUARY"

Photo Taken by Mrs. Daniel A. Clarke, Fiskeville

SWINGING

Gibson Dey 6-B



EARTHY THINGS

I like the pungent smell of earthy things—
A meadow, and a plowed field after rain;
A wine-red patch of clover always brings
The feeling I am nearing home again.
I like the ancient smell of burning wood . . .
The musky essence of old cedar trees—
Upon a lonely sand dune I have stood
Sniffing the breakers from a thousand seas!

From every corner of the world they blow,
Drifting like incense to a deity . . .
They wake my laggard senses—and bestow
A redolence upon my memory.
Primeval odors . . . I have loved since birth—
Created when God made the fragrant earth!

—Gene Boardman Hoover.

DRUSILLA

Whene'er I have happiness
I cry its worth aloud
And kindly folk are glad—no less—
To see me gay and proud.
But when I have a sorrow drop
Its dragging weight on me,
I climb to Deelick Mountain top
And tell it to a tree.

The wise old trees, the strong old trees
That I have known for years
They let me kneel against their knees,
They soothe away my tears.
And when again I come to town
It seems a foolish thing
To weep because no rose-sprigged gown
Is mine to greet the Spring.

Or that my mother chides me sore
Because I needs must run
To hear a singer at the door
Before the chores are done.

The valley lads are silly folk
For all their wooing ways;
They care for naught but mirth and joke
And dancing holidays.
The mountain lads have earnest eyes.
How strange if one should be
As strong, as wonderful and wise
As is a mountain tree!

—Theodosia Garrison.

ARBUTUS.

We talked late into the night of books, the making
And marketing of them. The boy was bitter.
"I tell you no, I'm through, and I'm no quitter.
I'm through with hawking door to door, with taking
My heart's blood 'round to publishers, and quaking
For fear they'll turn me down."

One, quiet sitter,
Silent till then, spoke up. "But it were fitter,
To be like these—" his lean old hand was shaking,
Fingering softly the wild arbutus spray
I'd found that morning in the woods. "They're sweet
And that pale delicate flush! But they have grown
Lovely among dead leaves,—kept themselves gay
Though they've been trampled on by some rude feet—
Content to grow till they were found and known."

—Charles Phillips.

THE WIND AT PLAY

The wind's at play,
And down the city street
Signs swing and creak,
And over the sky
There is a great scurrying.
Cloud people, cherubs, angels, strange shaped
Cats and dogs,
Fantastic figures hurry by.
Up the broad blue lane
They come. A diverse company,

For what train are they late . . .
And what fate will overtake
That last little lost cloud shape
If it reach too late the gate . . .
And the heavenly train pulls out
And slips away . . .
'Tis only the wind at play
In sky or city street,
Hark to the mournful sound
Of signs that swing and creak.

—Chicago Tribune.

TWO IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENTS AFFECTING ARBORICULTURE

(By A. Edward Stene, Chief, Bureau of Entomology and Plant Pest Control)

Rhode Island people love trees. Many streets are lined with sturdy elm and other shade trees. Among more recent indications of a growing interest in trees is the enactment of a law regulating the work of men who advertise themselves as proficient in the care of trees. Rhode Island is one of three states, the other two being Connecticut and New Hampshire, in which such laws are now in force.

A tree is a living thing, subject to attack by parasites, diseases and other ills which interfere with its health and well-being. When taken out of its natural environment in the woods or the open country and planted on streets and roadsides, it must have special care and protection. This work can be done best by men who understand thoroughly the structure of the tree, how it lives, and what it needs to grow and thrive, and who have the technical knowledge and skill to provide the best possible growing conditions under the artificial environments in which shade and ornamental trees are often expected to grow.

The Department of Agriculture is authorized by law to examine all who wish to engage in the business of planting and nurturing shade and ornamental trees, and to issue certificates indicating qualifications as arborists. A person without an arborist's license may not legally solicit and do arboricultural work on trees other than his own. Owners should have such work, unless they do it themselves, done by skilled workers and should employ men who hold the arborist's license. A license is not a guarantee that the holder is infallible in his judgment or that he will always work in accordance with his knowledge, but the state supervision given license holders is an incentive for them so to carry on their work that they will be permitted to retain their certificates.

The rapid growth of the nursery business in Rhode Island during the last 25 years is another indication of increasing interest in arboriculture. Trees grown in nurseries, where they are given special care, are likely to be better adapted for street and ornamental planting than trees from the woods or open fields. They usually have a better developed root system with which to secure necessary plant food under artificial conditions and generally have been pruned and shaped so as to have a form better suited to the purpose for which they are planted. This greater adaptability of nursery-grown trees for shade and ornamental planting is now better understood than formerly.

The Department of Agriculture inspects nurseries where trees, ornamental shrubs and plants generally known as nursery stock are grown for sale, in order to ascertain the condition of the stock. Twenty-eight years ago, when this work began, there were only twenty nurseries to be inspected, none having over ten acres; last year there were 68 nurseries, three of which had over 100 acres in stock. A recent survey indicates a capital investment of \$800,000 in the Rhode Island nursery business. Opinion prevails in the state that most enterprises depending on tillage of the soil and classed under the general term of farming have been dwindling rapidly during the last 25 or 30 years. But we have in the nursery business an agricultural enterprise for which Rhode Island soil and climatic conditions are well adapted, which is making rapid progress. It is not only capable of supplying the growing demands of Rhode Island tree lovers, but is also shipping stock to nearly every state in the Union.

THE TREES

Time is never wasted listening to the trees;
If to heaven as grandly we arose as these,
Holding toward each other half their kindly grace,
Haply we were worthier of our human place.

Every tree gives answer to some different mood,
This one helps you climbing; that for rest is good;
Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels they are;
Good to live and die with, good to greet afar.—*Lucy Larcom.*

The harvest comes, the harvest passes,
Dry leaves finger the rustling grasses.

The sun swings north, the wind turns east,
The day goes mumbling, like a priest.

Ten thousand Springs have died before,
Ten thousand Summers—and one more.

—*Wilfred J. Funk.*

SONGS OF AUTUMN

The brown witch Autumn tears sweet Summer's leaves,
The leaves that saw the swallow and the rose
And golden glory of the day's repose,
And rose bush standing under cottage eaves.

The brown witch Autumn with her voices shrill

Sends leaves in whirl of saffron gold and brown,
Eddying and whirling up and down the town,
While bracken flames on yonder wind-swept hill.

Sadly the night bird crosses the gray sky,
And sullen waves beat on a rock-bound shore,

When burning day's gold sunsets are no more.
And a wan sun bids cheerless day "goodbye."

I met a fiddler in the leafless wood,
His hair the bracken's hue, his eyes so blue,
His tattered garments strange and rare of hue,
Fiddling where late the red-robed Summer stood;

Strange were his eyes, his fingers lean and long,
Leaves fell, the bracken flamed, birds ceased to fly,

A violet-scented mist that hid the sky
Crept past to listen to the fiddler's song.

—*Petronella O'Donnell.*

SILENT HILLS

Silent hills seem lonesome,
Looked at from afar;
Only when you creep up close
You see them as they are,
With happy fields their faces
Upturned against the sun,
With brooks in hidden places,
That leap and laugh and run,
And birds in song amusing
The dapper morning star,
Though silent hills seem lonesome,
Looked at from afar.

—*Richard X. Evans.*

MULTITUDE

I should have taken the low trail home through
this gloom,
This high one breaks
Out on the stars here, repeating their bloom
In the lower lakes.

It is enough to go through trees where the
stars grow
Always overhead;
But it is too much to see them scattered below,
To see them outspread

Like a sky beneath me. I shall always be
quick
Wherever trails lift
To follow towards stars, but now these are
so thick
I am lost in the drift.

—*Howard McKinley Corning.*

AN ARBOR DAY TREE

Dear little tree that we plant today,
What will you be when we're old and gray?
"The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
For robin and wren an apartment house,
The dressing-room of the butterfly's ball,

The locust's and katydid's concert hall,
The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,
The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon,
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily
A tale of the children who planted me."

JACK-BE-NIMBLE

Summer is a candle
In a golden stick,
A yellow, yellow candle
With a poppy wick.

A yellow, yellow candle
That burns a lovely while
Till autumn comes a-running
Down a purple mile.

Till autumn comes a-running
With a windy shout,
And vaults the golden candle-stick,
And blows the poppy out.

—*Ethel Romig Fuller.*

WILLOW WHISTLE

Only a boy
Can set free
The music in
A willow tree.

Can find the cricket
And the lark
Hidden in
A willow's bark.

Can fife and flute,
Can lilt and croon
The notes that make
A willow tune.

Can blow an air
Winged as a thistle
From a little
Willow whistle.

—*Ethel Romig Fuller.*

MISTAKE

I woke drowsily in the night
And heard a rush of cars.
Country ears, quicker than reason,
Thought: what a wind has risen
Among my tall, strong trees.

Sing a song of springtime—
Song that needs no words!
Song of blithesome melody
Warbled by the birds.

Sing a song of springtime!
With the birds compete—
If you're not a warbler,
You can chirp "tweet-tweet."

—*Beatrice Plumb.*

"ARBOR DAY"

A strong, fair shoot from the forest bring,
Gently the roots in the soft earth lay;
God bless with His sunshine, and wind, and rain
The tree we are planting on Arbor Day.

So may our life be an upward growth—
In wisdom's soil every rootlet lay;
May every tree bear some precious fruit
Like the tree we plant on Arbor Day.

—*Selected.*

RIVERS

Rivers wander,
Rivers sleep,
Some are shallow,
Some are deep.

Some are snared
By vine and cress,
Some lie lost
In muddiness.

This one takes
A narrow way,
That one dances
Night and day.

Here one sings;
There one cries;
Yet another
Laughs and dies.

Younger rivers
Stray at will,
Old ones sit
Brown and still.

Rivers brood,
Rivers fuss:
I find rivers
Just like us!

—*Minnie Hite Moody.*

MEMORIAL TREES

1. "You've heard of trees of Lib - er - ty; Of
 2. "You've read a - bout the Char - ter Oak, — A .
 3. And what, for val - iant, loy - al deeds, And

bat - tle trees you've heard, That cel - e - brate some
 bout Penn's Trea - ty tree, And how the Red Men
 no - ble lives, could be More fit - ting than such

vic - to - ry, Though shel - tering beast and bird As
 nev - er broke Their pledge of am - i - ty; And
 mon - u - ment — A liv - ing, grow - ing tree, That

if no oth - er, loft - ier thrill Their slug - gish sap had stirred!
 all a - bout the Bos - ton Elm Of great ce - leb - ri - ty."
 takes each year new life — true type Of im - mor - tal - i - ty.



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Photograph by FLANDRIN

THE CEDAR IS THE MONARCH OF THE MODOCAN FOREST

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